KNEW WHERE THE HOSPITAL WAS.

What a Smart Canine Did in 'Frisco-The seal Went Mad-Fish Will Fight Saved by a Bullfrog

A duel recently took place in a traveling circus temporarily stationed in a viriage outside Paris, and very curious were the conseonences. "Two nerobuts," says a dispatch to the London Daily Dispatch, "quarreled, and resolved to fight a duel. The place chosen was the ring after the public performance, of course-the conditions being two shots at tweaty-five paces. As usual, neither of the combatants were burt, and their wounded honers being satisfied the incident terminated. The duelists and their seconds overlooked the presence of two members of their company, who were quietly munching nuts in acorner. These were two trained menkeys, who been taught to ride around the ring dressed up as soldiers, and to fire pistols en route. The monkeys saw the performance of their masters, and when the way was clear they resolved to imitate it. Gravely loading their pistols they faced each other-not at twenty-five paces, but at five—and first. They both fell dead, one with its head nearly blown of and the other shot in the breast. At the sound of the shots the master of the circus rushed in and found the bodies of the

imitative duclists in the ring with the still smoking pistels lying by them."

Commenting on this interesting item, the London Saturday Review observes: "In a gloomy week two monkeys have considerately sacrificed themselves on the altar of gravity. "There is somewhat wildly largely. gayety. 'There is somewhat wildly laughable, according to a French critic, 'in whatever concerns death.' When we have heard what mith the monkeys made, it must be deemed appropriate—if, indeed, the story is not an unworthy aspersion as the intelligence of the animals. According to a correspondent two acrobats in the circus at Paris, had a dispute, followed by an affair of honor. The distance was the nice gentlemanly one of twenty-five paces, at which even a good pistol shot may miss an opponent with a weapon in als hands. At all events, whether good shots or not, the combatants did miss. Perhaps they were as nervous as the time delist whom M. Guy de Manpassant has described twice on a in a volume of sketches

and once in a novel, 'Bel Ami.'
"Now among the temoins of this affair were two apes. The creature is imitative and ingenious, but never has monkey carried imitation and ingenity further than the Paris monkeys. The famed apeof the cannot story had no compargators. They only made one difference in the arrangements which they had observed to be surjectures and which they had observed to be sopicturesque, so safe, and to honer seconsoling. They found pistols and cartridges; they loaded; they stood up to each other at five—twenty-five—yards distance, and they blew each other to pieces. Of all monkey sconcerning whom history speaks, these alone are dead on the How the details have been field of honor. discovered, as the monkeys chose no seconds, does not appear. Nor is it known whether they had been long on ill terms. We 'seek for the lady of this quarrel in vain.
"Perhaps that is the wiser theory which de-

nies that the apes had any hostile motives at all. They thought, from what they had observed of the duello, that it was an exercise noless friendly of 'The Sleeping Beauty' Per-roult makes the Beauty's little boy fence with a monkey. This is, perhaps, the nearest to a duel with civilized weapons that any Simian crenture ever came before the monkers of the Daily Telegraph The baboon is a belligerentanimal with military discipline and he is said to throw stones and do many other startling tricks of war. But a duel with pistols, and a doubly fatal duel, is a link too many for him? Possibly the monkeys foughton Japanese principles, where in it is dishonorable for either combatant to return alive. But we have no evidence about the most interesting points, as who gave the word to fire, whether it was not a barrierduel, and tofire, whether it was not a barrier duel, and soforth. We only have the sad, plain facts to speak for themselves in the Daily Tele-

Bow-wow," barked the dog and Dr. Wolf dropped his paper to take a look at the canine sitting on a rug at his feet. "Hello, what's the matter with you?"
The dog raised his right forepaw, and the

whine he uttered was dog talk for, "Look at it; it harts."
Dr. Wolfdid look at it and found imbedded in the underside of the paw a large piece of glass, says the San Francisco Examiner.

"How did you get that?"

Doggie could not answer except by another

Well, come along, old fellow. I'll fix it

"Well, come along, old fellow. It is refer you."

The dog limped painfully after the physician from the office of the Receiving hospital into the operating room, where Steward Trewin lifted him to the padded table Matson Karr procured the pincers, needle and thread, dramage, tube, iodoform, water and list, while the doctor took the injured paw in his hand and skillfully extracted the glass. Then the wound was cleaned, the glass. Then the wound was cleansed the edges sewed together and the paw bandaged as carefully and scientifically as though the patient were a human being. Nevera whine did doggie after, but a slow movement of his tall tothe right and left testified to his grati-

tall to the right and left testified to his gratitude.

"Now, you're all right."

Down from the table jumped the patient
with a joyous "bow-wow," and after scampering around the room a few times just to
show that his paw didn't hurt any more he
sourried out to the street.

An hour later he walked into the hospital
again with a mour of all expression in his eyes
and the bandage gone from his foot. Dr.
Wolf rebandaged the wound, made it secure,
and away trotted the dog.

Wolf rebandaged the wound, made it secure, and away frotted the dog.

"Why did he come in here!" said the doctor in respects to an inquiry. "Oh, I don't know; he's a tramp dog and haugs around here searly all the time. He's seen many an operation performed in, this room. I suppose instinct taught him that this was the place to get his paw fixed. I do hope, however, that he wen't go and tell all the dogs in town about it, as the city may be forced toestablish a camine hospital."

On the register of the bospital the steward

On the register of the hospital the steward made the entry: July 28, 1890.—A carrise—becrated wound of paw—discharged 11:20 a.m. Remarks Came to the hospital unaccompanied.

In the broiling heat the other day Charle Robbins of St. Louis, was tolling up North Ninth street in novery amiable mood, when Ninth street in no very amiable mood, when a passing remark about the weather caused him to completely lose his temper. This initability cost him \$25 in the police court, says a disputch to the New York World. Considering the nature of the offense Mr. Robbius may congratulate himself in getting off so cheaply, for by his act a once happy Ninth street family is now plurned in grief, and a Ninth street shopkeeper is obliged to pocket a considerable financial loss.

Robbius was trudging along mopping his perspiring brow, when he heard a voice calling at him:

"Hi, there, you blue-eyed monster, is this hot enough for you?"

hot enough for you!"

Robbins looked up in a rage and saw a beautful poli-parrot with his head cocked to one side waiting for a reply. He whipped out a revolver and at the first shot killed the bird. The next went wide of the mark and crashed into a \$75 plate glass window in the thopbelow. A policeman was among the first of the big crowd that gathered round the

testy Robbins, and he was soon disarmed and locked up. Mr. George Russell lives in a house on the river road opposite Belleville, N. J., a short distance above the Jersey City waterworks, says the New York Sun. One afterneon last week, his wife, Mrs. Mary Russell, awoke from a doze on the sofa in the parlor and acticed with some curiosity that two young dogs ticed with some curiosity that two young dogs and a cat, household pots, were standing as if turned to stone, staring at some object in the corner of the room. Looking to see what it was that had apparently paralyzed them, sine sawa black smake fully six feet long coiled upon the carpet. The reptile seemed ready to strike, but it was perfectly still, and its eyes, Mrs. Russell says, were pretruding at least as inch from their sockets, as it gazed intently at the stupified animals.

Mrs. Russell jumped from the soft and endeavored to break the spell that bound thecat and the dogs by striking them with a cloth; but they paid no alternion to her, norded the

big snaks seem to head her presence at all. the was alone in the house, and she ran out o call a neighbor. She was absent for about of call a heightor.

offices minutes, and when she returned, unaccompanied by anybody, the situation had not changed a particle. The snake's glittering eyes were still flewely protruding, and neither the catnor the doors seemed capable of moving. Then Mrs. Russell went into the kitchen, and, going back with her husband's axe, she chopped the snake's head off. As the reptile fell dead the unimals it had fasinated recovered their volition and moved

Within the last month I have made an interesting experiment with a fowl, says a writer in the Spectator. Some choice eggs being sent me for hatching purposes (having no ten at that time broody and no incubator) I determined to set one of my hens on these eggs and keep her there by force of mesmeric power. The eggs were not fresh when I received them, and to keep them with the uncertain hope of a hen becoming broody might have been fatal to their hatching. I, therefore, went against nature and set my hen upon these eggs; she was in full lay at the time, and remained so throughout the three weeks she was sitting, laying, according to wort, Within the last month! have made an inshe was sitting, laying, according to wont, two out of three days. These who under-stand poultry will appreciate that no ben will do this, having become naturally broady, although for the first day or two after being set on eggs I have had bens lay once or even

Marking the eggs I set her upon, I was able to know and withdraw the eggs she kept laying. The first day I placed heron the eggs it took me half an hour to bring her into a hypnetic condition; but each successive day, after having roused herto drink and cat, I was able to sooth her to drowsy placifity in much less time; also there were days, when I had to go to her more than once in the day, she being in a restless, excited state, trying to get off the nest. The result has been, much to my own astonishment, that four out of seven of these eggs have hatched and are healthy, happy little chickens. At night I can still influence their mother to her maternal duties, but in the day time she takes no

notice of them. Louis Finkelstein, a barber, and his poll parrot were arrested the other day on a war-rantsworn out by Pat Dwyer, a reporter for rantswom out by Pat Dwyer, a reporter for the Kansas City Evening Star, under in-structions from Colonel W. J. Nelson, editor and proprieter of that paper. The police and all others aware of the facts in the case treat the matter as a hage joke, but Colonel Nelson seems very much in earnest. Plak-elstein's barber shop is opposite the Star-offlice and the parrot's care hangs in front, says a special to the Globs-Democrat. Of says a special to the Globs-Democrat. Of late the bird seems to have selected Colonel Nelson as a special object of derison and for the past few days has been advising the colonel to "get his bairent" and to "soak his head," whenever in halling distance. To be thus addressed whenever he entered or left his office annoyed thes colonel, and he had Finkelstein arrested for maintaining a nuis-

Frank Terry, a Wells-Fargo express mes-enger, his helper and a baggage man had a lively experience with a mammoth seal on a Santa Fe train at Kansas City the other day. There were four seals ordered from the seal islands in the Pacific for the New York zoological garden. They left San Francisco in large wooden cages, says a dispatch to the New York World. The heat and absence of water proved disastrons to three of the seals. The first seal, a female, died at Denver. On the train between that point and Kansas City one of the males went mad and attacked his mate, killing her almost instantly by biting her head nearly off. He raved for sev-eral hours, and the express messenger and other occupants of the car were considerably frightened lest he break the strong cage and escape. The animal was finally quieted and gave the messenger no further trouble until Arcentine was reached.

Then he became furious and raising him-self on his foremost fas, used his tail with such force that he broke the cage into pieces in less time than it takes to tell it, and then, bellowing loadly, made an attack on Express Messenger Terry.

He jumped on a large pile of express matter, but was quickly driven from that position. The men at last made their escape

through the side door of the car and closed it behind them. The seal raged for about five minutes and then dropped dead. The carcass, weighing 518 pounds, was taken to Armour's packing house and skinner. The remaining seal was carefully watered and shipped on to New

Harvey A. Smith had a desperate battle with a stallion, says a dispatch from Presque Isle, Me., to the Globe-Democrat. The stallion is dead; Smith still lives, but is in a sadly crippled condition. During last winter hedrove a team in the lumber woods, of which one animal was a stallion that no one but Smith could handle. This summer he has worked the stallion and his mate on the farm. Today, while hoeing potatoes, the stallion became vicious and attacked his mate with teeth and hoofs. Mr. Smith quickly unhooked the traces and had succeeded in uncour ling the horses when the stallion attacked him. He is a powerful and very resolute coupling the horses when the stallion attacked him. He is a powerful and very resolute man, and after a flerce struggle, in which he was severely wounded in the hip by the animal's feet, he succeeded in subdoing the horse, and leading him to the barn he hitched him on the barn floor. He removed the harness and was proceeding to take him to his stall when the victous animal suddenly attacked him. The wind blow the heavedory tacked him. The wind blew the barn door shut and Mr. Smith found himself impris-oned on the barn floor with the francie brute. For nearly half an hour he fought him with no weapon but his fists, leaping aside to avoid the assaults as much as possible, out being often knocked down and fearfully bruised. He found his strength failing and was just making up his mind that it was all up with him, when the horse, in some way, disengaged a sled stake from the side of the mow and Smith saw it rolling toward him on the floor. Seizing the stake he swang it with all the strength of desperation, and striking the stallion just behind the ear, with one blow laid him dead at his feet. The doctors having Smith in charge say that he will recover.

One day while wading and casting for bass in Lone Stone lake, Wisconsin, says a writer in Forest and Stream, I inadvertently stepped on the spawning bed of a rock bass, or "goggle-eye," as they are sometimes called in the west. The fish ran out, and a moment later came back at me and struck quite a severe blow on my leg as I stood in the water. I stood quiet, and the little creature—it was only about a half or three quarters of a pound in weight—ran at my leg again and again, bunting quite forcibly with its head.

The whole demeaner of the fish was one of The whole demeaner of the fish was one of great anger. As the water cleared I could see it very plainly and it could see me as well, but it showed to sign of moving off and evidently meant fight. I stepped away from the nest I had unfortunately trodden upon and its possessor then abundoned the fight. This was June 15, I believe. We could see a good many black bass nests shining on the bottom of the lake near the shore. The men of that country said they often caught bass by leaving the bait lying on the bed or "nest." On ing the buit lying on the bed or "nest." finding it bereupon their return one or the other of the bass would seize it and carry it off from the bed, and the fish could then be booked. I caught only one bass here, a big-

mouth.

The same affection that the ancient Romans felt for the geese that saved their imperial city and that the people of Holland felt for the little fellow who stopped the leaking dike with his hand will from now on be felt by four newspaper men of this city for a vociferous builfrog, whose name is unfortunately unknown, says the New York Times. Several evenings ago, just before midnight, the four reporters in question were plowing their ways at a tremendous pace through the sand and wire grass of the meadows skirting Newark bay back of Greenville, N. J., to investigate a story of a yacht that had been missing, with eleven men on board, for several days. The hour was late, the story promised to be a long one, and much valuable time had been wasted in discovering the name of the place from which the boat had sailed, so the young men were pushing on in the dark toward the shore without stopping to search for footpaths.

All at once, from just beneath their feet, a voice that was almost human croaked, "B'louk-kout," and as the travelers stopped stopped short to take the advice a big frog jumped with a plank into the canal. One more step would have taken the young men into its muddy debths, where they would have certainly received a most unpleasent ducking and possibly have lost their lives, as it would have been no easy matter to have climbed out up the yielding day walls of the waterway. The young men think strongly of organizing a society for the cultivation and protectice of the frog. The same affection that the ancient Romans

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

Chranic Inflammation of the Bladder Is promptly cured by the waters of Excel-stor Springs, Missouri.

#### BRAZIL AND HIS BRIDE.

A ROMANCE OF MAXINEUCKEE LAKE. Chicago Herald: They have pretty good story tellers down here in Indiana. I was sitting on the veranda of one of the little club houses which now perch around Maxinkuckee lake, and was watching the beats and the bathers below me. Four miles to the south, three miles across from east to west, were the opposite shores, and all around was the broad driveway on which at least half a hundred vehicles were speeding, or slowly following the circuit, while scores of guests were enjoying to the full all that was beautiful and

enchanting in the midsummer dream. I had been there for half an hour when an old man came up and asked me for a light. My own cigar had gone out while I sat there, so I lighted a new one with him and encouraged him to sit down

with me. "Ever see this lake in a storm?" he asked.

No. I never had had that doubtful pleasure.

"Ever see it froze over?" No. I never had been here in winter.

eit her. "Well when she is wild with a storm you want to watch out. And when sae is froze over she is as dangerous, I reckon, as Niagara Falls himself. I've lived here on the bank for the last forty years-got rich selling my ground to these fancy fellows that come out from town to have a good time. They paid me more for this little patch right here on the shore than they would for the bestacre of corn land I've got on the place. But that's all right. They like it, and I ain't get no objection. Oh, yes; I'm what they call an old settler. Used to trade with the Indians right here where you are setting now. Used to give them blankets and rum-outside and inside overcoats, we used to sayor furs and wild honey.

"But I was going to tell you about the lake when she is froze over. And they ain't no better way to do that than to give you a little story that some folks around here was asking me about the other day. You see along in the hot days of summer, when these women and heir men can't do nothing but lay in their hammocks and drink lemonade, they try to find out all the ghost stories and all the robber stories, and all that sort of thing there is connected with the lake. Well, this story I ain't never told any of them, and you can have the first whack at it if you'll give me another light."
We traded on that basis, though I may

as well say right here that I had to give the purchase price over and over again while the story was telling. He could not keep his cigar going, and I was too much interested in his narrative to stop him and refuse to henor his drafts. As he proceeded several of the 'men and women' who were collecting stories came down the path, and finding a regular Peter Pindar among them, stopped and listened. Gradually the crowd grewlarger and long before he was done the audience was a good one, and was disposed about him in the most picturesque of fashions. On the soft sod, against the great trunks of trees, in the swings and the hammocks that were arranged everywhere the party listened till midnight—till all the sounds on the lake were hushed and all the lights in the cottages and the pretty club houses were extinguished, and only the stars were left to mirror themselves in the

still water. "One time there was a farmer lived over there on the far bank of the lake, and his name was Teller. He only had one child, and her name was Minerva. She wasn't much of a thing when she was little; but she growed up to be the prettiest woman I ever see, and the prettiest that anybody ever see in this hole section of the country. She had hair just the color of the maple leaves in the early full, and her skin was as white as snow. No matter how much she went out in the sun and the wind, she never got freekled or black, and always stayed just that pretty we young fellows were wild about her most all the time. It was a good while ago, and I wasn't more than twenty-live, but I didn't stand any more show with Minerva than any of the rest of them, though I had the best piece of land on the lake, or near it, for that matter. But her folks was not given much to farming, if they did own a likely place. Her father was a great fellow to trap and fish, and when it came to hunting there wasn't none of us young fellows that could stand it to trampthrough the woods with him. He would tire out the best of us in less than half a day, any time. He was an awful handy man in a row, too, and thern times that was a good thing to say about a man. He wasn't easy handled and then he could shoot farther and shoot straighter than any other man on the lake, and we all knew if he got madat a man he would just as soon lay for him some dark night and put a hole through him that all the doctors couldn't sew up

in a year.
"Minerva was a good deal like her father in most things, and often went with him in his tramps, and I think she could stand a day's jaunt and carry home more game at the end of it than most of the young fellows that came to court her. And she could get mad, too; and when she did I'd rather have her father after me than have her after me, any day—I tell you that, Well, we all tried to get on the soft side of the girl for a good while, 'cause I don't think there was a young man on the whole Pottawatomic reserve that wasn't in lovewith her, But Brazil Bradley was the only fellow that she seemed to warm to, and after a while we all got out of the way and let Brazil have the field to himself. He was a good fellow, anyway; there wasn't a better young manin the whole country than he was, and I felt, for one, that if I couldn't have her I would rather see him with her than any other man I knowed

"She and Brazil had been engaged for most a year, and one time right along in the edge of winter they went up to the Yellow River country to a dance. They come home in the sleigh, for the snow used to come earlier here than it does now, and they passed my farm about 3 o'clock in the morning. I heard the bells, and I looked out of the window to see who it was, and I don't ever expect to see a prettier sight, not even you put yellow sails on every boat on the lake. Brazil was holdin' that beautiful girl with one arm, and was holdin' his eam down with the other, and she had her mittens off and was putting one bare hand up on each side of his face and was looking up into his eyes and saying something to him solemn and low. And whatever he was answering seemed to satisfy her, because her face—she was on the further side from me-was as bright as sunrise.

'l ain't no lady's man, and never was, but she could have had my land and all the buildings throwed in and welcome if she'd just look once in my facelike that. "Well, they went home, and Brazil put her down at the door and bid her good-night, and then he drove on loward home. But about half way there Jeff Moler, a horse thief, and the worst case we ever had in this country from the time the first white came in—Jeff Moler

about it, and the first he did know was when he was hit over the head with a club and stretched out in the sleigh as be found by somebody when it got daylight.

"from there Jeff went to Teller's place and broke into the house. How he done it nobody ever kfew, for the old man was a good hunter, and easily waked up, but he did do it. He was on top of old man Teller and had him bound perfore the girl could come into the room. When she did come in she fought like a tiger, and he had all he wanted to do in tieing her into a chair. But he got it all done, at last, and then he stood up there and looked at her, and he told her she was the handsomest women he had over saw in his life, and for the sake of in a sort of circle, and the water her beauty he wouldn't touch a thing in | from them is so much warmer than the

of money—more than she had ever seen before—and he told her how he lived at home and what she could have that every season you will see, if you seem down early enough, that all the shore will be solid with ice, soft, yet f she just said the word. And then he got down off the stool where he had been itting and looked at her and touched berhairand her white cheeks, and he patted her hands and kept begging her to go with him and live where her looks ring of open water that lies right over to go with him and live where her looks would count for something.

"And at last she said she'd go. She said honest, if he wanted her and would untie her she would start with him that night and go my place he said. So he trusted her, and he didn't touch a thing n the house, although she told him where her father had a lot of good gold neck that hangs onjust as long as it can hid in a stone jar. Jeff said they'd have to leave her father tied, and she said she 'pected so, 'cause the old man wouldn't eft him there on the bed, tied tight, and cursing everybody in the whole country, as if that would cut the ropes. But it didn't, and so he had to wait till along about noon, when I went over to take ome powder home, and heard him yellng before I got within half a mile.

"Well, when Jeff and Minerva started away, they rode in Brazil Bradley's sleigh, and just left the bells on as if it was their own rig. Theard them a going and got up to look who that was, Cause it was getting well along to daylight then, and there was that same girl in the cutter—I couldn't be mistaken about her —and a man I took to be Brazil by her side. But they wasn't near so loving as hey was when they went by at first, and I said to myself, says I, 'Hello, had a tiff of some sort.' And I wondered why they lidn't go home instead of riding around together when things didn't seem to go

"But Minerva knew just what shewas doing. Not long after they left home they came to Brazil Bradley there is the woods, tied up tight and fast to a white oak tree; and they stopped long enough for Jeff Moler to tell him that Minerva was going out of the country to live with him, where people knew how to appreciate her beauty. Jeff laughed at him that way for a while, and even Minerva told him he ought to have been watching out and not let Jeff take advantage of him. Then they drove on, up through the thick woods and out on the state read, and pulled for the country south. There wasn't no telegraph then, and all they needed was about three hours start with them horses and and all the people in this country couldn't catch them. Jeff had friends in the country just south of here, and even if the team had been taken he would have dropped out and some honest-looking farmer would have had them and swore he bought them of a trader: Oh the country was full of a good deal more crookedness than it is now-spite of all that the preachers tell us.

"Jeff was afraid of Rochester, the first town south on the state road, and he would have given a heap if he could have dodged it, but he couldn't without losing too much time, So he put on a little more speed and was driving right down the middle of the street and think ing things was coming his way, when all of a sudden that young woman throwed both of her arms around his neck and rolled with him out of the sleigh. She velled like a catamount as she fell, and then buckled her arms tighter around him than ever before. He had to let the herses go, and finally had to make up his mind that he was trapped by the handsomest woman he had ever seen He foughtlike a wildcat, but it didn't dono good, and the people came to the road and took the job off Minerva's hands. They sent her and Brazil's team back with a depaty sheriff, and they all got home about sundows. I had let both men loose before that time, and the girl's father was out after blood. But he had turned the wrong way when he got out at the state road, and he wouldn't have found his girl in a hundred years if he had gone on. But along about noon, when he couldn't hear no more about her, he turned and came back, and before he got hear the turn-off he heard that Moler was in jail and that Minerva was at

"But you could never make Brazil be lieve that Minerva didn't want to go with that fellow, and he wouldn't have anything more to do with her. He said she made fun of him when he was tied up there to a tree, and he was done with her. Then after a while we other young fellows tried to make friends with her again, but it didn't go. She said she loved Brazil, and would as long as she lived, whether he ever thought different about her or not. That had to settle it even if it broke our hearts; and some of us thought her heart was broke, too.

"Well they give Jeff Moler a fair trial and sentenced him to ten years in the penitentiary. He took it just as easy as pie. I was down at the state road when he went through on the coach. Lots of people were there, too. Everybody wanted to see him, for he had been a terror for many a year. He seen me as he passed and waved both hands at me -couldn't wave one at a time on account of the handcuffs-and he says, says he: 'Hello, Bob Kennedy; I'l come back and all on you before this time next year, Well, you won't eatch me in bed when you do come, Jeff, I said, and he laughed and said, 'Maybe I won't, and rode away as pleasant as you please by the side of Sheriff Bain

"Just about a year after that we heard he had broken out of the penitentiary, and there couldn't anybody find him.
And right then, when everybody
was talking about him and wondering if he was really coming back here to Maxinkuckee, Brazil Bradley got married. He met Minerva in the read the morning after he had been up to his father-in-law's house, and he showed her the preacher's certificate, and he told her that she could go with Jeff Moler for good and all now, if she wanted to, for he heard Jeff was out and coming this way. Minerva never answered him at all, but her father said he'da' shot the stuffin' out of Brazil if he had heard him say it.

That winter was uncommon long and cold. The lake froze over so solid that cold. The lake froze over so solid that people drove across it with loads, and kept it up for months. It got so that no one thought of going any other way to the cast or west. But spring came at last, and when things were thawing everywhere else we looked for the ice to break up in the lake, and none of us we ever had in this country from the time the first white came in—Jeff Moler he clum in the hind part of Brazil's sleigh without him knowing anything work in her father's home, for her

mother was dead long before they moved to this country, when she heard some one outside call for help. She listened stiff as a mackerel. Then Jeff just awhile and then she went to the door, bound him hand and foot, and gagged and there, as plain as I am talking to him, and tied him too tree so he would you now, she could hear Brazil Bradley calling for God's sake come and help him. She run down to the edge of the lake, and out there in the very center she saw the man that had won her and then throwed her away, and beside him was the woman he had married and bragged about to this girl-this girl that any of us would have died for any

day.

"You see, as the warmer weather came on, the ice got softer, and then there is a lot of springs down there in the bottom of the lake, and they help the ice to go away in a great hurry when it does start. Them springs are scattered the house if she'd only go with water that has been in the lake all the him. He showed her a lot time that it melts right above them, so strong enough to bear up most any weight, and the center of the lake will be covered with a round-island, thick and solid, too, while between this island them springs in the bottom. Of course the ring of open water don't come all at the same time. The springs on the west side seem to be weaker than any where else, and that great big island in the center of the lake will be connected to the west shore by a narrow

"Brazil and his wife drove right down there onto the ice, tho same as we al had been doing all winter, and it being like it, her going away, and if he gotout pretty near dusk and him being busy he was likely to make trouble. So they talking about other things, he didn't talking about other things, he didn't see the open water there ahead of him, and dish t think of danger till he heard the ice crack under his horse and saw that he was on the little strip, too narrow to turn round on and too weak to hold him up. He whipped up and tried to get on the center, but that brought the crash, and there he was with his wife and a horse and sleigh in about sixty feet of water.

"Brazil was game and he took the woman under his arm and pulled for the island in the center-for it was an island new-to keep out of the way of the horse. He got there and at last he was able to push her up out of the water, so she could crawl where it was thicker and safer. Then he got out himself, though he had to fight with that horse and drive him away, or he would have pounded man and woman both down under water with his feet. When Minerva seen Brazil he was standing there on a little cake about twenty foot across, holding up the woman, for she had fainted, and trying to scare that horse away. The colt had his fore feet up on the edge of the cake and was trying every little bit to climb up, and was breaking off great big pieces every time. Then he would fall back in the water and swim up, dragging the cutter, and try it again Finally, though, the horse couldn't stand it no longer, and he sunk and was

"But what could Minerva do? She was a good giri, and so she didn't wait a minute to think that this was the man and the woman that she ought to hate; and yet there was not a man in hearing, and no one likely to come for an hour. She run out toward them as far as she dared on the shore, but that didn't do them no good, and so she started to the house to pull the boat down there, nearly half a mile, to the open water. She knew that was just hopeless, but it was the only thing there was to do. Well, sir, right at the edge of the lake, as she was climbing up the cliff, a big, tall man rushed past her and bounded over the fence at her father's barn. He wasn't gone no time at all, when he came out again, just taking that stake-andrider fence like a deer and carrying a spool of his fine binding wire they use on harvesting machines. Then she saw it was Jeff Moler. It pretty near paralyzed her, but she followed the robber, and when he anrolled one end of the wire she took it and stood there on the bank and watched to see what he was going to do.

'Just as soon as he had put that wire in her hand he started and run around the shore, carrying that speel in his hands and unrolling it as he run, calling out to that man and woman on the ice to keep up their courage till he could get around, and then he would get them out of all trouble. And he did. He ran clear half way around the lake and by that time, of course, the wire run right across, and was so close to Brazil's hand that he could reach out and get it. He called to Jeff Moler when he had caught hold of the wire, and then Jeff he went back to where he had left Minerva and he took hold of the little thin wire that you wouldn't think could held up no weight at all, and he commenced drawing, hand over hand, and calling to Brazil to brace his feet and he would pull him ashore. Well, sir, he done hat very thing.

"Brazil just wrapped the wire around him, and that man, pulling there by the side of Minerva, hauled that freezing couple clear out of the middle of the lake and brought them safe to the shore. Then he stayed there and helped them up to old man Teller's place, 'cause that was the nearest, and they couldn't wait to go on then to Brazil's own home-and then Jeff Moler just grabbed Minerva around the waist and kissed her once on the cheek-and he was gone, and we didn't none of us ever seehim again from that day to this,"
"What came of Minerva, finally,"

isked one of the young ladies. "Well, sir, when her father died she sold the place and went out west, and I've heard she met Jeff Moler and married him, and is living with him somewhere in Kansasor Utah, or somewhere out there.

The women were in ecstacles over the "perfectly beautiful" story, and were proligal of thanks to this Indiana mintrel. I silently gave him a fresh eigar, for he had chewed the other up in re-peated lightings, and then one of the men broke the silence that had fallen since the women had gathered up their wraps and went away to their rooms in

club house or cottage.
"How long ago did that rescue occur. Bob?" It was one of the men and I could have throttled him.

"Must be forty year ago this winter," replied Mr. Kennedy, reflectively. "Well, there were no self-binders, no wire-twine machines in this country for twenty years after that nor in any other country. They were not yet invented.

Poor Boblooked as blank as the face of the lake for a moment, and then he said: "Well, don't say anything about that to the women. They wanted a good story, and they got it, didn't they?"

We all laughed and admitted they had; and then we went to bed.
But I still think this is the place where they breed romancers.

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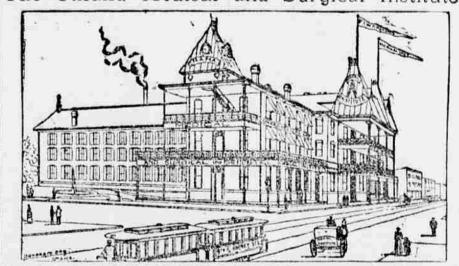
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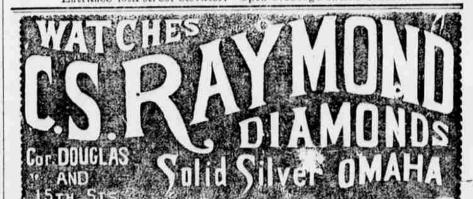


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